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THE  
LADIES'  
MONTHLY MUSEUM.

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JANUARY, 1816.

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*MISS HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS.*

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THIS Lady is one of those personages who, but a few years since, dissatisfied with the station of life in which Providence had placed her, and heedless of the amiable and private qualities of her sex, dashed back the curtain of privacy, and rushed to the pinnacle of popularity. Fortunately for this country, for the sex, and for posterity, such instances have not been multiplied; the climate of Great Britain has not been congenial to their production; a few only of such individuals as a Macauley and a Wollstonecroft have attained a premature state, while those who have been cultivated until they reached maturity, have been, like the heroine of this sketch, transplanted to warmer regions, leaving the poisonous stings of their false philosophy to be corrected by the religious anodynes of a More, a Hamilton, and a West. Helen Maria Williams, otherwise Laura Matilda, which latter was at one time her poetical cognomen, has been a conspicuous figure during the revolution in France, where she has resided almost from the very beginning of its troubles.

In 1779 she resided at Berwick, but not long afterwards came to London, under the patronage of the late Dr. Kippis, who first introduced her to the world as a writer, when she was about 18 years of age. The success of her first poem, *Edwin and Elfrida*, encouraged her to pursue her literary career in a variety of ways, but that in which she was most eminently successful was in the character of a Novelist. Two volumes of her poems were published by subscription, and produced her a considerable sum, which enabled her to visit France about the year 1788. The reception she experienced in that country, induced her to leave her own for one in which her sentiments and writings might meet with greater applause and encouragement. She took up her entire residence in Paris in the turbulent era of 1791, where she has continued to reside ever since. During the reign of Robespierre, she was for some time confined in the temple; but when the tyrant fell, she obtained her release, and resumed her literary and political career, having the celebrated Mr. Stone for her friend and protector, who was at one time a surveyor and land-agent to the duke of Bedford and other noblemen, and resided many years in the East Indies: on his return to England he induced many persons of distinction to believe that he had superior talents in the management of estates: after publishing some books on agriculture, he suddenly eloped with twelve thousand pounds, belonging to one of his noble employers, and various smaller sums. He died, however, in poverty, in Paris, in October 1815, leaving, say the papers of the day, his wife and family in great distress. Though Miss Williams had ever professed republicanism, she thought proper to eulogize the late usurper of France, and undertook the employment of editing the *Correspondence of Louis XVI.* accompanying the letters with notes written in all the spirit of anti-monarchical principles. The late Percival Stockdale, in his life, says, "Helen Maria Williams, in 1779 lived at Berwick; the graces of her mind were then as attractive and charming as those of her person; she had a tenderness and delicacy of soul, and was a sincere friend of all order moral, civil, and religious; but how frail is the best nature when it is powerfully assailed, and gradually and habitually cor-

rupted by inhuman and impious doctrines, and by licentious and profligate examples; the incense of flattery, and the intoxication of vanity, contributed not a little to the fall of mental rectitude."

This lady has long been the complete contrast of what she *was*. Her talents once were fair, and she had an elegant literary taste; but evil communications are contagious; they indispose the mind from a true apprehension of the beautiful and sublime, and weaken and debase the very essence of its nobler faculties. The fallen fair one, whose frailties I sincerely deplore, while I freely comment upon them as a friend of literature and virtue, is not only insensible to the various genius and eloquence that gave to the reign of Louis XIV. the Augustan age of that country, its first glory, but she infinitely prefers before *that* splendid period the more modern Gothic and sanguinary French æra which, in her perverted enthusiasm, she peoples with an imaginary late and highly improved and cultivated posterity; but on objects more serious, on objects which are more important, she has adopted the meanest, the most degrading and profane sentiments. She has, for several years, been the open, ardent, and strenuous advocate of the voracious and implacable enemies of whatever is dearest and most beneficent to mankind; she has been an advocate for the assassins of law, of morality, and of religion; she has for several years plunged her soul into the gulph of all anarchy, tyranny, and barbarity.

At this time the subject of this sketch resided at Paris, where her conversations were attended by the principal leaders of the French revolution. Miss Williams has, however, recently published a volume which, if it does not atone completely for the bad qualities of her former works, will at least entitle her to some credit for at length returning to the paths of loyalty and reason. In this performance she has given some curious particulars of Buonaparte, of whom she was once an admirer because he was an admirer of Ossian. The following anecdote of him, however, indicates that she had some reason to form a different opinion several years ago, and before his assumption of the Imperial dignity. "Buonaparte," says she, "considered the English newspapers as good as diplomatic dispatches, and

containing more accurate information of the state of Europe, than the reports of his emissaries in foreign courts. His translators made such strange blunders in the transcript of names, that he often himself collated the translation with the original. In one of these surveys, my name fell under his notice, prefixed to a few verses I had written on the Peace of Amiens. He enquired why they were not translated: the translator, with whom I was acquainted, answered, that this had been omitted in conformity to his orders to translate nothing of literature and poetry in which his name was not mentioned. But could this be possible? an Ode on Peace without any mention of the *great Pacificator!* *Le grand Pacificateur*, words which now resounded throughout all France; words that were engraved on marble in palaces, and stuck up below his bust, placed as a sign-post at the door of every hedge ale-house on the highway. The ode was translated, and if the first consul was angry at what was omitted, he was far more irritated at what he found. This was the epithet of *subject waves*, applied to Britain:

“ And thou, lov'd Britain, my parental isle,  
Secure encircled by thy *subject waves*.”

This was touching a jarring string indeed; this was declaring myself of the faction of sea despots; it was almost treason; but I had friends at court, and therefore escaped with a slight punishment inflicted a few months after by the prefect of Police, who arrested me and my whole family on pretext of examining my papers, from which ordeal I came out triumphant, having been detained a prisoner only twenty-four hours.”

Helen Maria Williams is certainly possessed of superior abilities, which she has chosen to employ in the dissemination of what she is now convinced was error. That revolution which she had imagined would have been attended with such glorious consequences, she saw overwhelm its projectors in ruin and disgrace, and she is ready to exclaim with the unfortunate Madame Roland, “ Oh! liberty! how many crimes are committed in thy name!” Amidst the various writings of this celebrated female, her *Travels through Switzerland* have been the



most generally admired. "Her diction," says one of her reviewers, "is lofty and animated, like the romantic country she traverses; and her composition wears, in many places, the aspect more of a masculine than a feminine composition. She says enough, with all her fondness for foreign parts, to satisfy young women of the blessings they enjoy under a British government, and to impress them with a due value of the many peculiar comforts they still enjoy in a degree much superior to the inhabitants of any other country under heaven. The dispute between the lady and the editor of the *Anti-Jacobin*, on the score of inconsistency, is perfectly ridiculous. We hope they are both "reformed altogether;" and it will never be our task to stigmatize those as turn-coats who, acknowledging their error, return to rectitude of conduct." The following is a complete list of the lady's publications: *Edwin and Elfrida*; *Ode on Peace*; *Peru*, a collection of miscellaneous Poems, including the preceding pieces; *Poems on the Slave Trade*; *Julia*, a novel; *Letters written in France to a Friend in England*; *a Farewell for two Years to England*; *Letters containing a Sketch of the Politics of France*, 4 vols.; *Paul and Virginia*, from the French; *A Tour in Switzerland*, with comparative Sketches of the present State of Paris, 2 vols.; *Sketches of the State of Manners and Opinions in the French Republic*, in a Series of Letters, 2 vols.; *Poems*, selected from various Authors; *The political and confidential Correspondence of Louis XVI. with Observations on each Letter*, 3 vols.; *The Personal Travels of M. de Humboldt to the Equinoctial Regions of the new Continent*, 4 vols.; *A Narrative of the Events which have taken place in France from the landing of Napoleon Buonaparte, on the 1st of March, 1815, till the Restoration of Louis XVIII. with an Account of the present State of Society and Public Opinion*.

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THE GOSSIPER, No. XII.

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"All yet seems well, and if it end so meet,  
The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet."

SHAKSPEARE.

SIR Charles Knighton, a baronet of ancient family, came to his title and estate soon after he had completed his twenty-first year. From the prodigality and indiscretion of his father, his affairs were rather embarrassed, he determined in consequence to spend a few years on the continent, in order to extricate himself from difficulties. In pursuance of such a determination, he embarked for Italy, where, after viewing the objects most worthy the attention of a traveller, he passed into Spain. When at Madrid, learning that a bull-fight would be exhibited, he was anxious to be present at a spectacle so novel to him. When seated in the amphitheatre, his first desire was to observe the company, which consisted of not less than several thousands of both sexes from the highest to the lowest rank in life. His attention was soon forcibly attracted by the lovely appearance of a young lady who sat at no considerable distance from him, and as the brutality of the amusement was little congenial to his feelings, he felt a greater inclination to observe her. He failed not to remark, that while many of the ladies, quite elated, were exclaiming *bravo tauro!* his fair innamorata could not suppress a tear, or prevent an involuntary shudder. There is a certain sympathy between kindred souls, which chance, or perhaps nature, delights to illicit. At the moment that the bull-slayer (Matadore) was preparing to put an end to the life of the tortured and infuriated animal, Clara (for so was the fair one called) averting her eyes from the spectacle, met those of Sir Charles; they spoke the same language, and their voice was the silent but expressive voice of the heart.

From that moment the delight experienced from the glances

of both parties was reciprocal. When the amusement ceased, Clara cast a last look, almost angelic, towards the young Baronet, but it seemed to say, it is useless to pursue me. But as Sir Charles had heard that "faint heart never won fair lady," he resolved, if possible, to discover the lovely creature who had so deeply interested him. He soon, however, perceived that the attempt to get near her, or to speak to her, was fruitless from the pressure of the crowd; and as she was leaning on the arm of an elderly man, who appeared to be her father; all he could do therefore was to follow her with his eyes, but this was a pleasure soon extinguished; and in proportion to the eagerness with which he looked, the greater was his mortification when she disappeared.

With a mind little at ease, he returned to his hotel, and spent the evening in forming plans which were rejected almost as soon as formed. After a sleepless night, he arose early in the morning, traversed the city, and attended all the places of fashionable resort, in order to discover the adored Clara. After several days fruitless search, he was walking early one morning (at the time that persons attend prayers on saints' days), when he perceived two ladies, the one apparently old, the other young, veiled according to the Spanish custom, making for a neighbouring church. As a man who is ready to sink will catch at a straw, Sir Charles, fancying that the young one might be his inamorata, was determined to follow them. When in the church, he narrowly observed them, but was for a length of time at a loss to discover their faces; at last the young lady, as if by chance, moved her veil sufficiently to disclose to the enraptured eyes of the young Baronet the features of all others in the world he most desired to behold. Unperceived by the ladies, Sir Charles watched them into a handsome house, which, as soon as he had done, he returned to his hotel to form some design for future operations. To being introduced to her parents or friends with the hope of obtaining their consent to a marriage, he knew would be useless from the difference of religion. To write would be to blast all his hopes, as his letter would inevitably be opened by those who guarded her. Strata-

gem was the only resource, and lovers are seldom much at a loss in this species of attack.

Accordingly, in the course of the day, by his own endeavours, and those of a faithful servant, he learned that the house into which he had traced the ladies, was inhabited by a gentleman of fortune and consideration, named Alonzo de Perez, and the young lady, whose name was Clara, was his only daughter, about eighteen years of age, and soon going to be married to a man much older than herself, but a person of rank. The latter part of this information was by no means gratifying, but as we cannot always direct circumstances and events, we must accommodate ourselves to them. To gain admittance into the house was the desideratum; understanding that an under gardener had lately been dismissed, Sir Charles thought if he could get into his place he should do a great deal. Accordingly the next day, habited in very ordinary apparel, unshaved, with a patch over his left eye, and his hair uncombed and in the greatest confusion, he waited upon Don Alonzo de Perez, recounting to him a piteous tale (in bad Spanish) of his being an Irish Roman Catholic who had been educated a gardener, but from the persecution of the heretics had been obliged to fly his country, and, hearing that he wanted an under gardener, he came to apply for the place, and added he did not care what work he did, as long as he could have bread. This recital had the desired effect upon Don Alonzo, who was in truth a benevolent and religious man. Sir Charles was forthwith taken into his service.

Sir Charles soon perceived that the head gardener was rather lazy, and, like most upper servants, was glad to have his work done for him. Having discovered his weak side, the Baronet, by working very hard, and being very obsequious, soon got into the favour of old Pedro, from whom, by degrees, he learned most of the secrets of the family, among the rest that Donna Clara was not very well affected towards the Marquis Gamaldo, whom Don Alonzo intended for her husband.

Clara often walked in the garden, but appeared generally pensive and somewhat melancholy. Sir Charles was studious to



be as near her as his work would allow him, and several times presented her with fruit and flowers, but in a style by no means calculated to excite suspicion. Learning that Don Alonzo was going into the country for a day or two, and that Donna Clara would be left at home with her mother, Sir Charles thought that now was the time to strike the blow, but how to get Pedro out of the way was to be first determined. Knowing his fondness for wine, Sir Charles gave him some money, which he alleged he had lately received from one of his countrymen in the street, and that he did not want to spend it himself. This was readily accepted by Pedro, and the rather at the moment as he knew his master would not be in the way to miss him, while he was regaling himself with his friends.

On the morning that his master went from home, Sir Charles having got Pedro out of the way, waited with impatience for the appearance of Clara. At length she appeared with down-cast eyes and alone, and, as she approached near Sir Charles, he stepped up, and presented her with an elegant *bouquet*, accompanying his present with language more touching and refined than he had been accustomed to use. Clara seemed penetrated with this delicate homage, and was particular in her enquiries respecting the parentage and education of the foreign gardener. Sir Charles answered equivocally, and by degrees drew her into conversation respecting the late bull-fight and the company that was present. He now watched her countenance as minutely as he dared, he thought he read in it an expression of regret, and heard, or seemed to hear, a sigh escape her breast. Now no longer able to contain himself, falling upon his knees, and snatching the patch from his left eye, he exclaimed, "Behold, Clara, behold, thus prostrate before you, the man whom your beauty and your goodness have taught to adore you; the first moment that I saw you I loved you, and what I have since seen has only fixed and increased the flame. I am not indeed what I seem, my rank and fortune in my own country are equal with yours. I was induced to assume this disguise in order to be near you, to assure you of my devotion, and to offer you my hand and heart."

The lovely girl, it may be naturally supposed, was not a little

astonished and perplexed at so sudden and unexpected an avowal. The surprise almost deprived her of utterance, she could scarcely articulate, "You shall hear from me, adieu!"—before she hastily disappeared. In the course of an hour or two, Sir Charles perceived Donna Clara at a distance to drop a paper in a direction in which he was looking. He lost no time in hastening to the spot, where he read as follows:

"Your avowal this morning surprised me; I am little schooled in the ways of the world, and if you are what you seem to be, you will not abuse my confession of esteem for you; I will not say how often your image has been present to my mind since the bull-fight. Meet me this afternoon in your disguise, at six, in the north walk, and you shall hear more from Clara."

Sir Charles now fancied himself in Elysium; the minutes seemed hours till the clock struck six. Clara was punctual to her appointment; she confessed her abhorrence of the Marquis Gamaldo (whom her father had determined she should marry in a few days), and Sir Charles, after exerting all the eloquence that true love inspires, at length prevailed upon the beautiful Clara to consent to an elopement the following evening, as Don Alonzo would return with the Marquis the day following. The evening arrived, Sir Charles' plans were so well contrived and so ably executed, that every thing succeeded to a miracle, and the thrice happy youth bore away in his arms the blushing and trembling maid. A clergyman was in readiness, and they were soon firmly united in the silken bonds of Hymen.

The English Ambassador being a friend of Sir Charles, he prevailed upon him to call upon Don Alonzo, and endeavour to obtain his sanction to the marriage, taking care, however, in case of a refusal, to secure a retreat. The father, finding what had been done could not be undone, and after hearing of the rank and fortune, as well as the amiable character of his son-in-law, did not withhold his consent, but insisted upon giving away his daughter himself at a second celebration of the nuptials.

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## THE CHILD OF THE BATTLE;

BY H. FINN.

*(Continued from page 322, Vol. II.)*

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CONTRARY to my expectations, I learned from my emissaries that Templeton still survived; that I was known to have attempted his life from a recognition of my dagger and sudden flight, but the place of my retreat remained unknown. About that period Silesia was invaded by Frederic at the head of thirty thousand troops, to establish his right to Lower Silesia. Accordingly Maria Theresa commissioned Count Neuperg with a strong body of troops to expel the invaders. Her residence was situated near the town of Neiss, and the two armies met at Moluitz, a village in its neighbourhood: all was confusion; we repaired to the town for greater security. The action lasted from two in the afternoon till six in the evening, when the Austrians were compelled to retire with the loss of four thousand men. After the victory I visited the field of carnage, and beheld the dire effects of war in all its horrors. As I was wandering among the dead and dying, I beheld one of my own servants kneeling by the side of an officer, who delivered to him an infant, and then seemed to utter an entreaty to the servant, raised his eyes to heaven, and expired. I hastened to the spot, and enquired the meaning of the extraordinary scene: the man started and hesitated, but with a faltering voice related, that having accompanied an inhabitant of Neiss to the field who had lost a relative in the battle, he was called by the deceased officer, who confided the infant to his care, with fervent solicitations to protect "*The Child of the Battle.*" Upon interrogating the menial more closely, I learned that the officer had requested a solemn promise from him not to reveal his knowledge of the child to me, but to deliver it in secret to my wife, as having a *right* to her affection and care; but ere he had time to make the expected promise, the officer was no more. I examined the features of the deceased, yet could

trace no acquaintance with them; but the mysterious circumstance created dark suspicion, and his dying intimation of the infant's *right to her affection and care* formed the dæmon, jealousy in my bosom that time was to mature. I ordered the servant to conceal my intimacy with the singular event, and deliver the child to my wife in my presence. This was accordingly done, and I watched each variation of her countenance when she received it. A pearl necklace, from which was suspended an ornament encircled with diamonds, first attracted her notice; she burst into tears, and kissing the infant affectionately, told me it was the child of a dear female friend whom she had formerly known: on enquiring her name, she stated she was not at liberty to reveal it. This assertion fed my growing apprehensions, but subduing my violent emotions, I requested to look at the bauble that encircled the child's neck, and beheld the initials A. T. The strange association of A. T. with Augustus Templeton, flashed across my imagination, and overcome by the shock of such a distracting, yet improbable combination, I quitted the apartment. The more I endeavoured to shun the unnatural supposition, the more obtrusive were my first momentary conjectures. I reasoned on possibilities, and reflected that an intimacy *might* have subsisted between my wife and Templeton before my introduction to her. The conversation I had heard on that fatal evening that made known his perfidy, *might* have been formed from a mutual understanding between them, yet why should he willingly incur the certainty of my hatred by breathing such sentiments in my hearing? or did he risk the event of my displeasure to promote a greater degree of confidence in her virtue, and so completely lull my senses to repose respecting her actions to facilitate a more safe communication with her in future? Perplexed by these ideas, I knew not which way to decide, and I resolved to observe strictly her every action. Her thoughts seemed all engrossed by the child, and her greatest pleasure was to be alone with it; her chiefest wish to caress it. Was it then wonderful that I should extend my abhorrence to the harmless cause of my disquiet. Entering my wife's chamber one morning in her absence, I beheld a drawer in her cabinet half



closed, and part of a letter visible, which had been evidently left so in haste to conceal it: curiosity induced me to open it. It contained neither date nor name; the contents were penned by a female hand, and from their tenor gave me every reason to believe that the *Child of the Battle* was the offspring of my wife by her deceased husband! This intelligence struck at the very root of my most sanguine hopes, and in imagination I beheld my infant enemy wresting my noble possessions from my grasp. Through my means my wife was secretly, but falsely, accused of practices inimical to the religion of the country, and forced to a convent. I immediately began my voyage to England to avoid the resentment of Templeton, and also effectually to prevent the child from claiming his inheritance. I arrived safely with him a month previous to our meeting. My parents were dead. I succeeded to their title and wealth. The man who attacked me with an intention of robbery was prevented through your interference. When he was taken, I knew him to be a domestic in the service of the family I had been visiting in Yorkshire; but who, tempted by a large sum I had incautiously displayed, followed, and acted as you saw: deeming him a fit person to execute a deed of desperation or inhumanity, I hesitated not to state that his life was in my power, but if he would bind himself by oaths to fulfill my commands, of whatever nature they might prove, I would release him from the fear of death: he took the oaths required, and escaped. But to my wishes respecting yourself. It is my interest to remove the child far from his native land: I have procured a lucrative situation in the East Indies, and, with the addition of one thousand pounds, you may soon accumulate immense wealth. The conditions are trifling in comparison: effectually to rid me of the boy, you must swear to convey him to the wildest interior of the country, and then desert him! so shall ——” My indignation rose to the climax, and I interrupted him by bestowing on the villain every epithet such baseness warranted, and rejected, with contemptuous language, his proffered bounty. He coolly drew forth his pocket-book, and displayed my written acknowledgement for the money he had advanced, and told me, if I refused, a prison should detain me

for life ; though, finding myself in his power, I execrated his intention, and rushed from the house.

NARRATIVE CONTINUED.

Fearful of interrupting the repose which she concluded had beguiled my solitary hours, the female did not return until the morning was far advanced ; yet when I again beheld her, the wishes of my sleepless moments were gratified, and her arrival seemed a prelude to the departure of unhappiness. I deemed an immediate removal from the apartment she occupied indispensably necessary, both to guard against the dangers of Glenfield's machinations, and avoid the wretchedness of accommodation that appeared in every chamber of the house ; thus securing the safety of the female, and the child, and my own recovery. A change of habitation was readily effected, and we bade farewell to the scene of circumstances, made trebly interesting as the cause of effects which characterized the varied actions of my after years. The retirement and reasonable terms of our new residence were desirable objects, and our arrangements, as to propriety, were made with the attention due to female delicacy, and my rigid sense of honour ; for although she had been induced by fraud and falsehood to forsake the pure path of virtue, her scrupulous regard for just conduct, without degenerating into affectation, convinced me of her purity of principle. The few valuables I possessed, were occasionally transmitted to a broker as necessity required, unknown to her, and I found my finances competent to support our domestic expenditure for some time, if managed with economy. I sent to request a return of my property left at the hotel where I had resided, but was grieved, though not astonished, to learn that Glenfield had removed them as by my authority. The reflection also that I had recently lavished at the gaming-table a serious sum, served to throw a shadowed feeling over the subject of anticipation. The desire I felt to question Elinor (the female's name) respecting her connection with the infamous Glenfield, was not to be restrained, and with reluctance she communicated the following particulars :—Her father was a respectable physician in a provincial city. Although an only child, she received a more solid than refined education : the

ornamental branches,—as music, drawing, dancing, &c. were made the acquisitions of her leisure as amusements, her labour was dedicated to the study of domestic utility, an adequate knowledge of her native language, with every other instruction that could raise her intellect in the scale of good sense, rather than elevate her to excellence in the eyes of those who consider embellishment as an essential, instead of a superfluity; yet, without the wish to excel in the fashionable list of accomplishments, she proved to the observer her capability, and each quarterly assembly acknowledged by approbation, or envy, her indisputable title to pre-eminence. Her beauty and accomplishments attracted the devotion of the gayer part of her companions, while the grave sought her society as the model of industry, sense, and good-nature. With the recommendation of these combined qualities, you must naturally suppose that her votaries were general, and the modest propositions of the worthy, with the presuming proposals of the worthless, contended for her hand. One of those meetings introduced her to the treacherous knowledge of Glenfield: none were his superiors in the art to fascinate by dissimulation. The frivolous unmeaning flatteries of coxcombs, had ever impressed her memory in the same proportion that the light zephyrs play on polished marble; but when the subtler poison was administered by the slow, yet sure process of seeming unconsciousness; when the tongue of sage experience and morality infused the delicate opiate that was to lull her hitherto unsleeping judgment, and generate the visions of vanity;—when briefly the voice of sophistry, aided by language the most elegant and insinuating, assailed her faculties,—her imagination triumphed over reason, and the perverted light of human capacity dazzled and deceived her “mind’s eye,” by elevating it to the prospect of a beautiful perspective, whilst the precipice beneath her feet opened its destructive depth unheeded. Taking advantage of one of those moments in which the female heart becomes more softened by strong and repeated appeals to its sensibility, he declared his death inevitable, and that she should behold, and be accessary to it, unless prevented by her immediate elopement from her home; that home and those parents who were af-

fording him their extreme of friendship and favour. To account for her desertion of them, for whom her affection was unbounded, she herself could not account: none but a betrayed bosom can name the winning plausibility, the numberless palliations of guilt, the irresistible earnestness of passion, and solemn asseverations of motives most honourable, which accompany the work of systematic seduction: they were too prevailing in the present instance, and she suffered herself to be conveyed to the metropolis, where, as she credulously believed, the honourable name of wife awaited her; but soon the name of Elinor was added to the list of countless victims, at the sacrilegious altar of libertinism. Still the artless girl, blinded by the film of deception, and infatuated by his spells, relied upon the fulfilment of oaths, solemnly given as if uttered by the lips of truth, more frequent than the hourly repetitions of time's rapid step, but false as the faith of fiends: his passions, degraded by sensuality, cooled with satiety, whilst those of dislike warmed as the former waned. He soon passed the limits hypocrisy had assigned to prudence, and finding the mask no more essential to his designs, he discarded it altogether, and while he avowed himself a villain, exulted in the avowal. Her sensations at a discovery so full of present horror, and future misery, were nearly allied to insanity; her good name was for ever blasted in the estimation of a harsh world, and the consequences of her illicit intercourse threatened to add a sharer in her coming wretchedness; but her native strength of mind assisted her in supporting the load of sorrow which menaced to oppress her through every passing hour of existence. In vain she essayed to sue for the confirmation of his vows of marriage, to sanction by that sacred ceremony her claim to respect from society, and promised to resign each other right, but he replied in the memorable words which she repeated on the night of my last rencontre with him. Her only solace in the hours of solitude and reflection was yourself; the earl had represented you as the orphan child of a former friend, and your worse than unprotected situation (for Elinor well knows what protection the tyger extends to his prey) interested her in your behalf, and though her tears would stream as she contem-



plated the innocence which once she boasted, your amusing and affectionate efforts to dry them imparted a melancholy smile of partial resignation. Condemned to be the unceasing cause of sorrow, the earl beheld this mutual and growing attachment with the wanton jealousy of one who would deprive all others of benefits he cannot, or will not, enjoy himself, and meditated on the means to produce a separation. A man whose whole life had been occupied in devising new arts to mar the peace of mankind, could not be long in seeking a single invention to torment a helpless female: he feigned the deepest contrition for his past conduct, and declared his determination to atone for it by a legal union; as a preliminary proof of his sincerity, he would place her under the protection of a female relative, where she might be assured of assiduity to efface every sentiment derogatory to his *honour*; that his behaviour had been prompted by groundless apprehensions of having lost her affections;—when the heart is once disposed to extenuate the errors of another, few concessions will obtain complete forgiveness. She welcomed the intelligence with less doubt, because it accorded with her wishes, and promised to bury in oblivion every word that might recall the recollection of his unworthy behaviour. As he expected, Elinor urged the necessity of her removal to an asylum where she might at least expect congeniality and consolation from one of her own sex, but resolutely declared her determination to make you the companion of her visit; this he as resolutely opposed, but finding her acquiescence could be purchased at no other price, he at last consented, and prepared to accompany her to the residence of his supposed relative. The sudden and suspicious alteration of his conduct, she attributed to the only motive which he had never allowed to inhabit his breast, or influence his actions, *repentance for past guilt*. Whether the result of his evil schemes were accompanied by success or failure, he neither exulted or regretted beyond the hour which developed their consequences. The chief aim of his existence tended to derive pleasure, though but transitory, from the misery of others; and the labour of years was not deemed a prevention, if, at their expiration, he obtained the joy of a day that crowned his

perseverance with success. His bad passions were not so much excited by the prospect of revenge, as by disappointment in not accomplishing it. He lived but in the ardent hope and pursuit of new schemes, and his only dreadful mortification was their defeat, when his pride was preparing smiles to witness their triumph.

*(To be continued.)*

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### LITERARY HOURS. No. XI.

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Nunc veterum libris, nunc somno et inertibus horis,  
Ducere solitæ jocunda oblivia vitæ. HOR.

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### ON EPIC POETRY.

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Unicumque Lucanum  
Facunda loquitur Corduba. MART.

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*(Continued from page 327.)*

HAVING directed our attention to Homer and Virgil, it will be little profitable to notice their copyists. Statius and Silius Italicus we shall therefore pass over in silence; the one a weak, the other an absurd imitator of the *Iliad* and *Æneid*; Lucan, however, must not be omitted, his original genius having struck out a new path. He has imitated nothing, he is indebted to no one for his beauties or defects, and merits on that account alone a particular attention.

Lucan was of an antient family of knight's degree; he was the nephew of the great Seneca, and was born at Cordova in Spain, under the Emperor Caligula. He was not the first who selected a recent history for the subject of an epic poem; Verius, the cotemporary, friend, and rival of Virgil (but whose works have perished), is said to have executed this dangerous project with success. The proximity of the times, the public notoriety of the civil war, the age enlightened and little inclined to superstition in which Cæsar and Lucan lived, the

solidity of his subject, deprived his genius of any liberty of fabulous invention. The true grandeur of his heroes, who were not fictitious, and whom he must paint after nature, presented a new difficulty. The Romans, in the time of Cæsar, were persons of very different importance to Sarpedon, Diomedes, Mezentius, and Turnus. The Trojan war was a mere child's play in comparison of the civil wars of Rome, in which the greatest commanders and the most powerful armies contended for nothing less than the empire of half the known world.

Thus the *Pharsalia* can discover little invention, and is conducted in too historical a manner; it is not however deficient in epic grandeur and dignity; neither does it want unity of object, viz. the triumph of Cæsar over the Roman liberty. As it stands at present, it is, indeed, brought to no proper close. But either time has deprived us of the last books, or it has been left by the author an incomplete work.

With regard to characters, Lucan draws them with spirit and with force; but though Pompey be his professed hero, he does not succeed in interesting us much in his favour. Pompey is not made to possess any high distinction, either for magnanimity in sentiment, or bravery in action; but, on the contrary, is always eclipsed by the superior abilities of Cæsar. Cato is, indeed, Lucan's favourite character; and wherever he introduces him, he appears to rise above himself. Some of the noblest and most conspicuous passages in the work are such as relate to Cato; either speeches put into his mouth, or descriptions of his behaviour. In the conduct of the story, our author has attached himself too much to chronological order. This renders the thread of his narration broken and interrupted, and makes him hurry us too often from place to place. He is digressive also; frequently turning aside from his subject, to give us, sometimes, philosophical disquisitions concerning natural objects; as concerning the African serpents in the ninth book, and the sources of the Nile in the tenth.

But it is the fate of this poet, that his beauties can never be mentioned without their suggesting his blemishes also. As his principal excellency is a lively and glowing genius, which ap-

pears sometimes in his descriptions, and very often in his sentiments; his defect in both is, want of moderation. He carries every thing to an extreme. He knows not where to stop. From an effort to aggrandize his objects, he becomes tumid and unnatural; and it frequently happens, that where the second line of one of his descriptions is sublime, the third, in which he meant to rise still higher, is perfectly bombast. Lucan lived in an age when the schools of the declaimers had begun to corrupt the eloquence and taste of Rome. He was not free from the infection; and too often, instead of shewing the genius of the poet, betrays the spirit of the declaimer. On the whole, however, he is an author of lively and original genius. His sentiments are so high, and his fire on occasions so great, as to atone for many of his defects; and passages may be produced from him which are inferior to none in any poet whatever.

May's Translation of this poet is now almost, if not entirely, obsolete; it was popular at the time it appeared; it is extremely literal, and in parts not deficient in spirit. That, however, of Rome, is infinitely superior; there is an elegance and fire pervading the work, which must ever render it agreeable to a reader of taste and discernment.

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### GOOD-NATURE; OR, MY ADVENTURES.

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TO THE EDITOR OF THE LADIES' MUSEUM.

Sir,

KNAVERY has at length got so much the upper hand in the world, that many of those qualities which our forefathers deemed amiable, have become not only unfashionable and ridiculous, but absolutely inimical to the interests of any one possessing them. Amongst these discarded and injurious virtues, Good-nature stands pre-eminently distinguished, and is not more imposed upon for its convenient passiveness, than it is laughed at for its folly. In fact, Good-nature is only a tool



which other people work by ; and having used it till their particular ends are answered, throw it aside as no longer necessary or valuable. Any one who has at all mixed with the world, must readily acknowledge the truth of these observations ; but for the information of those who, from their secluded situations in life, or from other causes, may not have had an opportunity of acquainting themselves with the villainy and ingratitude of their fellow-creatures, I beg leave to offer the perusal of my humble history.

I was born of poor, but very worthy and industrious parents, in a small village near Gloucester. My father was a kind of overseer, or upper labourer, to an adjoining farm, and his origin was obscure, though nothing disreputable. My mother was descended from a family of some note in the county, but having married my father, who was a remarkably fine-looking man, utterly against the wishes and consent of her relations, they had ever since deserted and ceased to countenance her. I was an only child, and being but weak and delicate in my infancy, had been much under the care and tuition of my mother, who, naturally fond of reading, endeavoured to infuse the same disposition into myself. The uncertainty and general badness of my health, unfitting me for those robust exercises in which boys usually employ themselves, favoured her views in this respect ; and thus, at an age when it is thought no disgrace to be ignorant, I was a tolerable proficient in my books, and was the pride and delight of my parents. Before I had reached my tenth year, I had read through the whole of my mother's library which she brought away with her when she married, and could repeat a variety of descriptive poems, a species of poetry to which we were both much attached ; and being occasionally sent by my father into the fields when it was summer, to watch the sheep, nothing gave me such pleasure as stretching myself under the shade of a tree, and reciting aloud such passages as seemed most applicable to the scenery around me. My ideas therefore became tinctured with a sort of romantic and glowing enthusiasm, and my disposition imbibed a tenderness of character that rendered me little competent to meet those disappointments which after-

wards assailed me. Suffice it to say, that I was of very retired habits; sociable and often sprightly at home, but timid and bashful abroad; tremblingly alive to any neglect, and acutely sensible to the least insult and ridicule; but though I had a spirit that burnt with proud and fierce indignation at the smallest intended humiliation or pain to my feelings, I was by nature so averse to render myself conspicuous, or excite the notice of the company I was in, that I never could prevail upon myself to resent with a frown what was uttered with a smile, though none sooner perceived, nor more deeply felt, the injurious sentiments it might convey. I was not, however, a coward in thus acting, because I only wanted the opportunity of giving my feelings vent in such a manner, and at such a moment, as should leave me no regret at having quarrelled; so that where politeness of manner did not soften the speech that offended me; where the insult or the injury was rude, broad, and unmasked, I at once assumed the attitude that became me, and discovered the fury or contempt suited to the occasion.

Perhaps, like many others, I was often the slave of my own fancies, and imagined wrongs that were never designed me; and thus made myself unhappy without reason. Be this as it may, I made it the invariable guide of my own conduct never to sport with, nor wantonly wound, the feelings of another; but, on the contrary, was always seeking to oblige those about me, for which wise conduct I gradually acquired amongst many that knew me the honourable appellation of a good-natured fool. My mother, however, dying, I was sent to a grammar-school in the neighbourhood, and it was here that I first began to lament that meekness and pliability of temper which were implanted in me, either by nature or education; for, in order to conciliate the good-will and affection of my playmates, there was no little kindness, nor any little service, that I did not repeatedly proffer to one or the other. These were of course eagerly accepted, and for a time I was bountifully rewarded with a number of commendatory epithets. I at last discovered, that the more I did the more there was to do; and that what I at first volunteered, was afterwards ex-

pected as a matter of course, and finally demanded as a right. I was every day tormented with canting entreaties by my school-fellows to assist them in their arithmetical and grammatical exercises, to correct their essays, alter their bad spelling, and in fact help them out of all their difficulties. If a ball was accidentally thrown into a neighbour's garden, I was the good-natured fellow pitched upon to clamber after it; if an orchard was to be robbed, I was made the cat's-paw; and if a half-holiday was to be solicited, I was elected the spokesman.

By having once offered myself upon these different occasions, I was ever after compelled, or what was always tantamount to it with me, I was *expected* to repeat my friendly offices, and thus frequently got into hobbles and scrapes, out of which no one ever stepped forward to relieve me. I often bore the blame for faults that I had not committed, merely because I did not like to injure others by exculpating myself; and as *they* were not generous enough to speak the truth, I submitted to unjust punishments, rather than speak it to their prejudice. My situation, however, now became irksome and distressing to me; I perceived that I was imposed upon by all; that my many good services had not procured me one friend, and that in reality I had more enemies than any other boy in the school. I only passed for a *soft fellow* amongst them, and was soon treated accordingly. If I remonstrated, I was laughed at; if I refused to do what was requested of me, I was a "nasty ill-tempered brute;" and when I at last, after having a thousand times before determined upon it without putting it into execution, openly resented the behaviour that was daily shewn towards me, and attempted to assume the importance that I considered to belong to me, I was *sent to Coventry* by my noble playmates; and no artifice, no stratagem, was omitted, that might tend to make me miserable. In truth, I was seriously unhappy; my ill-fortune began to prey upon my spirits, and my health even was suffering, when I received a summons from my father to return home.

When the hour of my departure arrived, I was willing to forget all my resentments, and, on taking leave, was going to shake hands with all my old companions; the tears started into

my eyes as I went up to them, for they had collected together in a crowd at one end of the play-ground, and were evidently discoursing about me. Judge my surprize when a general titter burst forth amongst them as I sobbed out my farewell, for my heart was full, and the remembrance of their unkindness made me weep, though I now freely forgave them. These little tyrants, in order to distress me the more, set up a dismal howling, and pretended to be sorely afflicted at losing me, taking, however, special care I should see it was all sham. "Who'll do my sums for me now?" says one, pretending to blubber most bitterly. "Oh dear! what a great loss for us!" cries another, putting his handkerchief to one eye, and slyly winking with the other. These and many more aggravating speeches were uttered to me, which I bore with tolerable patience; but at last one more witty, or rather more wicked, than the rest, making most wry faces as he spoke, exclaimed, "And--an---and who shall we get to be cuffed on the head now for asking a half holiday?" Upon which they all burst into a loud horse-laugh that raised my choler to such a pitch that, at once drying up my tears, I doubled my fists, and without more ado, began a general battle. I struck with such vengeance and fury, that, after a short scuffle, they fled in all directions, and I was left master of the field, upon which, snatching up my trunk, and stamping with rage, I instantly took my departure.

I had not gone many yards before they flocked to the gate, and as long as they could see me they never ceased hissing and hooting. I would not, however, turn back, but walked sorrowfully on, and in a few hours arrived at my father's cottage, where, setting myself down, I learnt that an opportunity offered of my going to London in the quality of a lady's footman. Knowing the poverty of my father, I could not think of remaining any longer a burthen upon him, and therefore consented to accept the situation, though never did poor lad set out upon his fortunes with such utter despondency as I did.

I was visiting a metropolis whose very name I had learnt to dislike, for my mother fearing I might, like many other foolish young men, take the whim into my head of thinking London the only place in the world for getting money, had told me



such discouraging stories about the place, and prejudiced me so much against it, that I once had promised her I would never go there, but always stay at home, and assist my father on the farm, which promise was consoling to her, and what she wished to extort from me, often saying that without me she should be wretched. Her death, however, gave a new turn to matters, and not being strong enough to act as a labourer in the country, I was fain willing to try my luck as a livery-servant in London. I took an affectionate farewell of my aged father, and stepping into a tilted waggon, reached the wonderful city I had heard and read so much of, after a long and wearisome journey. The house of the lady who had engaged me was situated in Cavendish-square, whither I bent my melancholy steps, and with a sinking heart that had no hopes, rung at the bell, and announced myself as John the footman. I was very well received in the kitchen, especially by the maids, for I was what they termed "a likely young fellow," and I began to think I might yet be comfortable.

My first object was to be thought well of, and therefore I always dispatched my business with alacrity and cheerfulness; and, if I had any time to spare, was ever willing and ready to assist the other servants. Sometimes, when the house-keeper was busy, I would settle her accounts, enter the bills into her book, and run on any little errand for her. At another time, I would offer my services to the butler, the cook, or the house-maid, and thus was wonderfully caressed during the first six weeks of my stay; but this gradually wore off; "my dear Johnny" was exchanged for mere "John," and when I did not happen to be just in the way, I used frequently to hear one or the other cry out, "Where, in the name of fortune, is that stupid Jack got to." I began now to take alarm, but had drawn myself into such a predicament that I knew not well how to escape. Every night the housekeeper thrust her book into my hands; if the butler ran out to the public-house, I had to attend to his business, and, in short, there seemed to be a conspiracy entered into for imposing all kinds of work upon me but my own, which I was obliged to get done as I could. There are some people in the world who have a most happy knack of asking you to do them a favour, and there are others

who have an equally happy knack of refusing one, and that in so pleasant and joking a manner you cannot take any offence. Now, never was there so miserable a dog at any thing of this kind as myself. I had a strange delicacy about me, that I could scarce ever bring my mind to request a favour of another, and if one was asked of me, however irksome and unpleasant to grant, I could not bear the thoughts of refusing it. This, in fact, was my weak side, and indeed most unmercifully was it plied and worked upon. I was not such a jack-ass but I could see and feel the impositions practised upon me; yet, though I often groaned under the unreasonableness of the demands made upon me, and despised the ungenerous spirit that could urge them; I was so foolishly nice that if they were but advanced but with a little address, it was in vain I struggled to repel them: for if I attempted to give a denial to any favour begged of me, though I made every exertion to do it with a good grace and in a pleasant easy manner, the moment I came to the point, my countenance was either so serious, my voice so solemn, or my smile so forced and unnatural, that I was sure to give the very offence I wished of all things to avoid. Being sensible of this, I was ever fearful of refusing, and, therefore, my readers will readily believe I was ever imposed upon, and rendered the slave of those who had neither generosity nor consideration for others.

On one occasion, I remember the coachman came into the kitchen, and was cursing the work he had to do in the stable, saying, some friends of his had invited him to the Rose and Crown, and he could not go because of his horses: I immediately volunteered my services, having been accustomed to look after horses when in the country, upon which, jumping off his chair, he slapped me violently on the shoulder, and, exclaiming I was one of the best fellows in the world, flew up the area-steps, and disappeared in a twinkling. But it was only the next day that he requested me to clean the carriage, while he went to play at quoits in some neighbouring fields; and not happening to be engaged just at that time, I could find no excuse for not obliging him, though on this, as on many other similar occasions, I grumbled and murmured in my heart all the while.

Master Coachee, however, seemed so little disposed to give himself any further trouble about the stable, I was compelled, after several times doing his work myself, in order to screen him from my lady's displeasure, to tell him I must, in future, decline attending to the horses, &c. as it interfered so much with my own time. He threw himself into a quizzing attitude on hearing this, and looking most insolently in my face, asked me if I was not a pretty fellow to play him such a scurvy trick. I replied, that I should be always willing and happy to do him any service that laid in my power, but I thought it most unreasonable in him to suppose I should take his work upon my hands as well as my own. "Very well, sir, very well; I shall take care how I ask you to do any thing for me again;" and saying this, he turned upon his heel; and this was all the thanks I received for my good offices. He was very sulky ever afterward, and the same disposition began to appear amongst the others, owing, I suppose, to his evil and malicious representations. We at last all came to an open quarrel upon the following circumstance :—A young man, with whom I had formed an intimate acquaintance in the country, coming up to town for a few days, had written me a note, begging I would spend the next afternoon with him. I took care to have my knives and forks all cleaned in good time, and at three o'clock had completed my usual day's work, when I entered the housekeeper's room, and informed her I was going out to visit a friend of mine. "Then you will please to stay at home, John," said she, "who do you think is to be fagging for you while you are taking your pleasure? pretty doings indeed! some appointment, I suppose, with one of your girls:—no, sir; I want my accounts arranged, and you must stop to do it." "Upon any other occasion," replied I, colouring up as I spoke, "I should be very glad to oblige you; but as this is the first visit I have made, and my friend returns to-morrow into the country, I must beg to be excused: to-morrow morning ——" "Oh! don't talk to me of to-morrows, it must and shall be done this evening, so let's have no airs." Upon this I bridled up, as the saying is, and told her how much I was hurt and surprized at this behaviour; that I could not but remember the many times I had sacrificed

my own convenience to accommodate her's, and the many little services I had so often rendered her ; that, therefore, I considered it the more hard and unkind she should attempt to deprive me of a pleasure like the present ; that I was not, however, to be a fool for ever ; that I had already borne much more than became me, and if she imagined I had not the sense to see, nor the spirit to resist such infamous and oppressive usage as I had lately met with, she was grossly mistaken. I should in future adopt a very different conduct, and as it formed no part of my business to arrange and settle her accounts, she might henceforth do it herself.

Having uttered this in a language and tone that appeared somewhat to astonish her, I slammed the door, and went out to meet my old companion at a house in the neighbourhood. My mind, however, was so harassed, and my feelings so ruffled by what had passed, I spent but a wretched evening, and on my return home was greeted with a most sullen and determined silence. I was not sorry for this, because my temper was so irritated, a single word, not strictly respectful, would have kindled my passions into a flame, and I know not what the consequences might have been. This I think they perceived, and as the coachman and butler were no great heroes, I was suffered to eat my supper without any interruption, otherwise than as I was annoyed by the whisperings and sly malicious glances that were meant to distress me. I was pondering the greater part of the night upon what I had best do, being resolved to quit my place without delay, when an accident occurred the very next morning that set the matter at once to rest. I had gone out with the carriage, as usual, and my head being full of the continual sorrows that had been my unhappy portion, I fell into a profound reverie. Now I will just state that this was nothing uncommon with me, for as I have already mentioned in the early part of my story, being naturally of a meditative disposition, I generally made the leisure afforded me while standing behind my lady's coach an opportunity for indulging in my reflections. This often led me into ludicrous situations, and sometimes I have been almost wet through before I was sensible that it rained ; at others, I have



held up my umbrella half an hour after the rain has ceased. The stopping, however, of the carriage never failed to rouse me, except on the present occasion. The coachman had been ordered to drive to the house of a lady in the city, and we had not proceeded the length of two streets, before my whole mind was absorbed in the deepest cogitation. I saw not the buildings nor the people as we passed along; I heard not the rattling of carts and chariots, nor the squalling of apple-women; my eyes and my ears were, indeed, open; but "their sense was shut," and might be truly said to be "all the while in a most fast sleep."

How long the carriage had stopped, and how often my lady had called to me, I know not; but I was at last scared from my reverie by her thrusting herself half out of the window, and exclaiming, in the voice of a beldam, "Good Heavens! John, why don't you come down." I started as if I had been shot, and in my confusion to alight, tumbled over the wheel of the coach, and fell flat as a flounder into the kennel, which, unfortunately, was plentifully lined with mud and filth. I got up, dripping with mire from head to foot, and was going to ask pardon in the humblest contrition, when my lady, with a face red as the setting sun, shrieked out to the coachman to turn back directly, and, snatching up the glass, muttered something between her teeth at me, and drove off, leaving me to get home as I could. I made the best of my way through the crowd to a public-house that was near, and there, by the aid of brushes and towels, was soon put into a tolerably decent condition, after which I returned to Cavendish-square. On entering the kitchen all were in a titter; some endeavouring to smother their laughter by every means in their power, but which every now and then broke out in a variety of strange discordant sounds, others leaning against the mantle-piece, and giggling as though they were in hysterics. I did not think it worth while to take any notice, but had not been seated three minutes before the bell rung most furiously, and I was ordered up-stairs. My mistress rose from her chair, and, tossing her head, begged, in a tone of affected calmness, to know what in the world possessed me this morning. I answered, that I could offer no ap-

logy for my behaviour,—that I certainly had acted wrong, but it was wholly unintentional, and that, in fact, when the carriage stopt, I had quite forgotten myself.” “Then I suppose, sir, you were *thinking*,” said she, with a pointed emphasis and a most malignant sneer. I was embarrassed for a reply, but at last stammered out, that certainly I was lost in my own reflections at the time, and that if her ladyship knew all, she would say I had enough to think about. “I do not want, sir, to enquire into, nor to be informed of what you *footmen* may have to *think about*, as you are impudent and presumptuous enough to call it:—think, indeed!—upon my word, what next?—why, what business have you *menials* to *think*?—I wonder, John, where you learnt this *unparalleled* effrontery.” “Indeed, my lady,—” “Hear me speak, sir; how dare you interrupt me;—I wish to be informed why you did not come to the carriage-door when I called upon you so often?” Really, my lady, I did not hear you; I have already explained to your ladyship the cause, and cannot but regret —” “Enough, sir, quite enough, sir,” continued she, reddening with increased anger, and dropping into her seat,—“You will please to pack up your things, and quit my house this very evening; let me have no more words from you; I have been acquainted for some time with your conduct below-stairs, and feel myself disgraced in having hired a creature so unworthy my protection; but probably,” added she ironically, and attempting to laugh, “you do not *hear* me;—you will leave my house to-night, blockhead!” “This very hour, madam,” exclaimed I, and marched out of the room. I was as good as my word, for in less than an hour I had corded up my trunk, and having received my wages from the housekeeper, set off without opening my lips to any one, nor even once uttered—Good-bye! I soon found some furnished apartments that suited me, where I have now remained three days, previous to returning back into the country, where I am resolved to seek my future livelihood, and that in some mode or other as will not expose me again to those misfortunes I have here recited. Being, therefore, quite at leisure for the present, I thought I could not employ myself better than in writing you the history of my adventures, hoping they will

prove a serious warning to all those who, in the innocency and amiability of their hearts, have determined, as I foolishly did, to make good-nature the ruling principle of their lives and actions. Good-nature is a most unprofitable virtue ; it serves only to advance the interests of others at the certain expence of our own ; it renders its possessor ridiculous, and, like a dishonest servant, betrays the peace of the bosom where it is lodged. Good-nature is that gentle, easy, unsuspecting quality that knaves thrive by ; it is a convenient accommodating sort of personage, that is used like toad-eaters at a great man's table, to answer selfish views, and assist in the attainment of certain objects. It is banded about like a *pro bono publico* article, to which every one thinks he has a claim ; it is taken up and laid down just as occasion calls ; it is flattered and caressed before its face, laughed at and calumniated behind its back ; the wise and the wicked make it a handle to their designs ; both ridicule it, and none but fools are thought to have it ; so that no wonder it has become contemptible ; indeed, considering the state of the world as it now stands, it were perhaps well that it should be utterly renounced by all, and banished from society, that we might not be preyed upon as we are by one another, nor chicanery any longer get the better of virtue.

Let me therefore advise your readers to consider good-nature as a positive evil, and one of the most fatal obstructions to their successes and advancement in life : let them fling it from them, as a secret enemy that would only form a step-ladder for others to climb above their heads ; or rather, let them consider it as a most dangerous and injurious ingredient, that, like a subtle poison, must be guarded with the utmost vigilance, and administered with the nicest and most scrupulous care. But especially would I urge them never to *volunteer services that are not asked for*, unless they indeed well know the motive to be excellent that prevents such request being made. Yet here they must beware of counterfeits, for the semblance of virtue is often the artifice and the lure of the wicked. It is a grand and most essential point gained to be conscious when we should say "No," and to have the spirit to say it. It was failing in

this that laid the foundation of all my misfortunes, and produced those thousand disquietudes which might have been easily avoided, had I regulated my conduct by this invaluable maxim. I have, however, learnt a lesson that I shall not readily forget, and I bequeath it your readers for their information and benefit. For as it has been with me in, perhaps, trivial matters, so will it stand good in numberless more important cases, whether of a public or private nature; we should never hold ourselves too cheap; we should never be so unwatchful of our own characters and interests as to throw ourselves open to the impositions of others; but, in being civil, take care that we are not forward; and, above all things, remember that the impunity of a first aggression, the acquiescence in a first encroachment, always renders the resistance to a second doubly difficult.

A——M.

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### THE FEMALE TOURISTS.

*(Concluded.)*

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THE arrival of the Marquise de Hautville, and her amiable daughter, in England, terminated the correspondence of the friends; previous, however, to the winding up of our story, it may not be deemed unnecessary to say a few words respecting the Major, who so long carried on a deception so painful to the feelings of our heroine. Fully acquainted with the secret of his brother's attachment to the fair foreigner, an attachment which strong national prejudice led him to disapprove, he no sooner heard the name of Mademoiselle B. than he recollected past circumstances, and made no doubt of her being the object of his brother's regard; upon his first introduction, he was pleased with her person, and readily perceiving the mistake occasioned by her remarkable likeness to the Colonel, his love of frolic, as well as his desire to ascertain her principles, led him to encourage the error into which Isabel had so



readily been misled; nor did he, in any of his letters to his brother, let drop the slightest hint of the farce he was carrying on. Had he found Isabel so weak or immoral as to expose her sentiments to him as a married man, he would have considered her unworthy of his brother, and have endeavoured, by every means in his power, to wean him from an attachment which was not sanctioned by merit; but the conduct of Isabel rose upon trial. Her modest dignity, her evident self-command, and the confidence she appeared to feel in her own rectitude of principle, left him no room for doubt. The more he saw of her, the more his respect and admiration increased; and he at length communicated to his brother all that had passed; and desired him, if he still retained the sentiments he had formerly expressed, to hasten his return to England, the death of their father having recently given him the privilege of acting in conformity with his long-controuled inclinations; but at the same time insisting that he should not, by writing to Isabel, destroy the agreeable surprise he anticipated with eagerness, which would ill brook a disappointment. The Colonel, who knew his humour, and was fully sensible of the goodness of his heart, could not deprive him of such an innocent gratification. He obeyed his injunction implicitly, and arrived in the unexpected manner already related. Happy in finding his Isabel still tenderly devoted to him, although it had never been in his power to make an explicit avowal of his sentiments; and not less delighted to perceive that her merit and attractions had contributed to render her the object of his loved brother's esteem and admiration.

The ceremony which united Isabel to the Colonel made Henrietta the wife of Albert, after which the happy party set off for Worthing, where they remained a few days, and then returned to receive the congratulations of their friends. This point of etiquette duly accomplished, a pleasurable tour round the coast was agreed on, which engaged them nearly two months, at the expiration of which the Marquise, with Albert and his bride, returned to Paris. The Colonel purchased an elegant little cottage, in the vicinity of Eastbourne, which Isabel preferred to the old-fashioned family-mansion. The

Major remained their guest, until their frequent intercourse with the family at Lewes, and the natural wish which all men feel, who have been once married, for a well-ordered home and domestic comforts, made him again a suitor; and, as soon as propriety admitted, led Miss H. to the altar.

The happy change of affairs on the continent soon enabled both the Colonel and his brother to retire from the army with credit, in the hope of enjoying a lasting peace in the bosom of their families.

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### THE PEDESTRIAN.

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IN this title of Pedestrian, there is something infinitely more attractive than there was when I last introduced myself to the public under that appellation, and vanity makes me believe that I was the suggestor of the present meritorious system of *padding* for public amusement. I say system, for it is now discovered that there is a great degree of ingenuity attached to pedestrianism; hence the concourse of people attracted to Blackheath and Rochester, for the purpose of beholding a phenomenon; and in addition to dancing, drilling, and fencing-masters, I expect soon to see the papers half filled with advertisements for teaching ladies and gentlemen a mathematical method of walking.

My powers of motion, and communication, gentle reader, have for many months been suspended by the afflictive force of mental, and bodily suffering; but as that Great Power who alike can wound, and heal, has in some degree renovated my constitution, I shall unhesitatingly endeavour to fulfil my promise,\* by relating circumstances which happened previous to my illness.

As I am one of those unconnected beings who have no near ties of affinity, my heart is in a more particular manner affected

\* Vide a Tale, entitled "The Pedestrian," in January, page 41, that a succession of Tales, by "The Pedestrian," should appear in the Ladies' Museum.

by the claims of friendship, and having accidentally heard that the son of a man, whom I had loved most sincerely, was sick at Portsmouth, I instantly resolved to visit him. Though I did not walk fifty miles a-day, yet I reached my destined haven at the end of the second, and directed my steps to a superior kind of public-house, which scarcely deserved the name of an inn; but where every thing had such an appearance of comfort, that I was inclined to forego my accustomed practice of not talking. A modest-looking girl, the daughter of my landlady, brought in my supper, with such a smiling and ingenuous countenance, that I could not resist the inclination I felt to put a few questions to her respecting the guests she had in the house.

"We have not many chance-customers, sir," replied the blooming Lucy, "for a certain number of my poor father's friends are our chief support; indeed, after his decease, they wanted my mother to have removed from the outskirts of the town; but as my sister and self were just growing up to be women, she did not like to expose us to the conversation of sailors, and it is but very seldom that any of them think of coming to the George."

"But the officers, Lucy, are men of taste and discrimination. I wonder they do not frequent the house?" "Oh! sir," she rejoined, in a tone bordering upon resentment, "we are other guess people to what you seem to suppose; and, for my part, I think it is a great misfortune to young women when their parents happen to keep a public-house." "You are an honour to the occupation, my good girl," said I, emphatically, "and may misery overtake the man who would warp the purity of your principles, and believe me I meant not to offend you by my observation upon officers. You seem as quiet as a private family, and I conclude there is no company this evening?" I added, in an enquiring tone. "Yes, sir, we have a party in the back-parlour, but they are very quiet, on account of the sick gentleman."

There is a something in my disposition which renders me peculiarly vulnerable to the bare expression of *sickness* and *sorrow*, and laying down my knife and fork, I began making a thousand enquiries respecting the unfortunate sufferer. "Oh! he is quite

a gentleman, sir, I am certain," said the humane Lucy, in sympathy's softest and most interesting tone, "and worse luck for him to be reduced to the necessity of depending upon the kindness of strangers." Curiosity was wound up to its very zenith by this declaration, and I entreated my humane companion to tell me all she knew of the sick gentleman.

"It is three weeks ago, sir, last Thursday," said Lucy, "since he walked, or rather tottered, into our house, and, seating himself in the first chair he came to, called for half-a-pint of milk and a penny roll. My mother, seeing him look so pale, said, she thought a basin of tea would be better for him; and as we were at breakfast, desired my sister to fetch a large cup; but when it was presented to him, his hand trembled so violently he could hardly get it to his mouth. There was something in his looks and manner that made all our hearts ache for him—and his voice, sir,—oh dear! I never shall forget the time—he tried to eat, but he could not swallow only a very little morsel of the roll.

"My mother, seeing how ill he was, offered to send for a doctor, but he shook his head, and took out an empty purse; no, not quite empty neither, for I think it contained half-a-crown. My aunt Sally, who happened to be staying with us, begged him not to be down-hearted, for he sighed, poor fellow, as if his heart would burst, and, at last, by the persuasion of her and my mother, he consented to go up-stairs and lay down. We tried to keep the house as still as if a sick admiral had been in it, and no one went near his room for three hours, when my mother began to grow a little uneasy, and softly opened the door to enquire how he was. She returned in a few moments with a face as pale as ashes, telling us the poor gentleman was dying, and quite speechless. I ran for a doctor who does not live more than fifty yards from us, and fortunately met him at the door; he came that moment, but thought, with my mother, that the poor creature was dying. He is a skilful gentleman, sir, as you may imagine; and, what is better, one of the humanest hearted creatures that ever lived; for though he knew the poor soul had not a sixpence to reward him, he has paid him as much attention as if he was a prince; and to-day, for the



first time since his illness, he was able to be lifted out of bed."

Here the humane Lucy closed her affecting narrative, when I eagerly demanded the name of the invalid: "Lord bless ye, sir," replied my considerate informer, "he is still so very weak, that he scarcely can speak; and, as the doctor says, he is sure his illness has all been brought on by trouble, we would not ask him a single question, for fear of reminding him of his sorrows." Scarcely could I avoid exclaiming, "Pure refinement of feeling have I found thee! and found thee inhabiting the breast of a publican's child! hear these sentiments, ye votaries of rank and fortune, and then tell me whether *education* or *situation* can influence the human mind." I gazed upon the amiable girl with a kind of enthusiastic admiration, which the power of language might in vain attempt to describe, and which evidently excited embarrassment in her gentle bosom, for she quitted the apartment before I had time to prevent her design.

That this unfortunate being might be the son of the man who, in the earlier period of life, I was warmly attached to, struck me as more than probable at the commencement of Lucy's affecting tale, for I knew that he had been unfortunate, and merely heard that he had lately landed at Portsmouth from the Brasils. My eager desire of discovering whether my conjectures were well-founded, yielded to that precaution which I was aware would be necessary in his weak state, and without entering again upon the subject, I retired to my apartment for the night. Early on the following morning I requested my landlady to inform the poor sufferer, that a gentleman, of the name of D---ley, requested to know his name, as he had undertaken a journey to Portsmouth for the sole purpose of evincing his friendship to a young man recently returned from Brasil; but, I added, should he not prove the person I am in search of, assure him that my heart and purse are ever open to those who are in need.

So extreme was the solicitude which the amiable Lucy had excited by her melancholy narration, that I could not resist the inclination I felt to follow the footsteps of her worthy mother to the chamber-door of the invalid, who, perceiving my design, left it on the jar as she entered, which afforded me an oppor-

tunity of seeing his face ;—a face so deeply indented with the lines of sickness, that I could not trace the slightest resemblance to the son of the deceased Mr. C.

“ I am heartily glad to hear you have slept a little better,” said my landlady, in the kindest and most consolatory tone of voice: “ and now if you will but have a good heart, and try and keep up your spirits, I trust we shall see you quite well in a little time.” “ God reward you all for your unexampled goodness!” said the poor fellow; “ you have poured oil and wine into a wounded heart which was sinking under a load of grief; yet good Samaritans as you are, how am I to repay all this kindness, for, alas! I am a bankrupt in property?” “ And if I am never paid one farthing, I shall never ask you for it,” rejoined the benevolent Mrs. Collins; “ but something strikes me that fortune is going to smile upon you, and then I know I shall be paid; for there is a gentleman here, whose name is D—ley who seems mightily anxious about our poor invalid.”

“ Mr. D—ley, did you say? Great God! I thank thee. If he is here, you may well say, that *fortune will smile*, he was the chosen friend of my lamented father.” My sudden entrance at the moment, prevented the young man from proceeding. “ How rejoiced am I at having found you, my dear George!” I eagerly exclaimed. The sudden joy was too great for the weak state he was reduced to, and a death-like faintness overwhelmed him for some time. My terror far exceeded the power of description, for I actually thought my imprudent rashness had severed the slender thread of life, but in the course of about ten minutes, I had the happiness of seeing him open his eyes. The humane surgeon fortunately entered, and recommending an additional dose of a strong nervous medicine to the invalid, gave me the pleasing intelligence that as the fever had entirely subsided, he entertained the most sanguine hopes of his life.

As the slightest exertion was likely to prove injurious to the debilitated sufferer, I strictly forbade the mention of the various hardships he had sustained, though the poor fellow seemed impatient to relate them for the purpose of convincing me that *imprudence* had not brought him to that deplorable state. Though he was enthusiastic in his description of the benevo-

lent treatment he had received from every branch of the worthy family who had so kindly succoured him at a moment when there did not appear the slightest probability of their ever being remunerated for their humanity; yet, when speaking of the fair Lucy's attention towards him, there was, in his manner, a mixture of embarrassment and sensibility. At the expiration of ten days I considered his health so far recovered, as not likely to be injured by relating those events which had thrown a shade over those bright prospects which illumined the earlier period of his life; events which, if I was to particularize, would occupy too large a portion of my reader's time; which, therefore, I shall, in the most concise manner, merely epitomize.

As the father of this unfortunate young man had extensive concerns with the Portuguese merchants, he placed his son in a counting-house at Lisbon, when he was about nineteen, for the double purpose of acquiring a complete knowledge of the language, and the mode of carrying on trade. The merchant to whose care my friend consigned the object of his solicitude, was supposed to be one of the most wealthy in that line, and the style and magnificence in which he lived, authorized the belief. As the young man's letters to his father were all calculated to strengthen this opinion, he gave the most unbounded credit to this unprincipled Portuguese; not harbouring the most distant idea of his money not being perfectly safe, until the dreadful truth flashed upon him, that he had been supporting his family, by the means of my friend's credulity, for a length of time. Destructive as the conviction of this circumstance proved to the interest of the young man's father, a few years would have enabled him to surmount his difficulties, had not an event followed which completely overwhelmed him with grief. Donna Isabella, the wife of this designing merchant, unfortunately beheld the handsome young Englishman with too favourable eyes, but exasperated by the indifference with which he treated her overtures of affection, she made her husband believe he had attempted to contaminate the purity of her mind; who, in the moment of jealousy and indignation, obtained an order for having the innocent victim of inveterate malice instantly confined.

*(To be concluded in our next.)*

REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

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*The ABBESS of VALTIERA; or, The SORROWS of a FALSEHOOD; by AGNES LANCASTER.* London, Messrs. A. K. Newman and Co.

READERS for amusement will not be disappointed in this work: it abounds in variety of incident; and the scene is so often shifted, that you are transported from the Hebrides of Scotland to Ireland, from Ireland to Spain, from Spain to America, and from America to the Indies. The characters are equally various; the principal of whom are represented as having been guilty of falsehood to accomplish some favourite purpose, and as having in consequence drawn upon themselves and their unoffending dependants very serious inconveniences, which threaten the destruction of all the parties. The performance opens with an instance of the religious intolerance of the dissenters in the days of Charles I. and ends with an instance of the cruelty and injustice of the Catholic Inquisition, averted solely by evidence accidentally brought forward. The whole is of a tragic cast; the leading characters are thrown into the most difficult situations, and released from them in the most miraculous manner. The completely corrupt of heart are so overwhelmed with disgrace, or the fear of it, that they either destroy themselves, or each other; and those who have committed only venial errors suffer most severely for their frailty, and are only preserved, as by the intervention of providence, from impending destruction, and finally rendered happy.

These materials, as thus exposed, are sufficient to shew that the author must neither want ingenuity, nor fertility of invention, to manage them with any tolerable dexterity. Though there is something to praise, there is also something to condemn. The attempt to inculcate a moral lesson, or truth, by improbable events, however entertaining, is vain and chimerical; it is impossible to make a lasting and useful impression upon the mind by any characters and events, except such as are correct copies of nature, and drawn with strict fidelity.

We enter our caveat against the introduction of such charac-



ters as the Duchess of Antequera, whose vices, although they draw on themselves their own final retribution, are yet painted in colours so imposing as to be liable to produce an effect upon young persons different, no doubt, from what the fair author intended. Who can deny that the scenes between the Duchess and Antonio, who is patronized by the Duke, in which she is represented as conceiving an illicit regard for the youth, and attempting to seduce him in a most abandoned manner, by entering his chamber at midnight, falling on her knees to him, declaring her love for him, and begging him to take compassion upon her, are highly improper? And also so foul a disclosure as that of a woman's being base enough to marry one man whom she hated, for the sake of his wealth, at the time she was pregnant by another; acting with constant duplicity towards her husband; sacrificing the object of her first love and his offspring, in order to obtain her wishes in a second and illicit amour? Such pictures are too horrible, and cannot be beneficial; except, like the character of Lady Macbeth, they were drawn with the pencil of a Shakspeare.

The splendid spectacle, as exhibited in Spain, of an immense circus, surrounded by an amphitheatre, capable of containing twenty thousand persons; and the customs of the Indian tribes, which are interwoven with the latter part of the Romance, cannot fail to excite a lively interest; as, though such practices and customs are astonishing, they are not only probable, but known to prevail even beyond the extent described. This part is founded upon the facts which have been published by different travellers, and in particular by Lewis and Clark.

About fifty years after the conquest of Mexico, colonies were sent twelve hundred miles north of the capital, and established themselves at a place called Santa Fé; and this in time became the capital of all those settlements which, in progress of time, were thinly scattered over an immense tract of barbarous country which they styled New Mexico. It was, and is, inhabited by a vast number of different tribes of Indians; some hostile, some peaceable. The Otomics, who are considered the most barbarous, are despised by the other tribes for their bad character, yet they are sometimes in alliance with them. The Apaches

are the most numerous and warlike. The Curankuas are ever at war with the Spaniards, who despise them as being cannibals. The Comanches are a predatory tribe; and some years ago carried off the daughter of the governor of Santa Fé, whom they compelled to marry the son of their chief.

The author has purposely omitted all those horrible descriptions of tortures practised by the Indians on their enemies, and likewise those affecting, but disgusting descriptions of the ceremony of the feast of souls, with which various and highly-respectable travellers have furnished us, desiring to excite interest, not disgust, and to awaken rather the sensation which alarms the feelings without shocking them, and endears the object of attention rather by her danger than by her sufferings.

The Romance concludes with these words:—"Having brought our principal personage to that acquittal which confirmed her honour, we bid our readers adieu! with the hope that they will not consider the fault of our heroine as slight, because it was compensated by many virtues; but that, on the contrary, they will, with the more earnestness and diligence, guard themselves from every deviation from truth, seeing that such is the malignant nature of a lie, that it could impair the praise, destroy the happiness, and sully the Memoirs of the Abbess of Valtiera."

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#### REVIEW OF NEW MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

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1. *An Explanation and Description of the Royal Patent CHI-ROPLAST, or Hand Director. A newly-invented Apparatus for facilitating the Acquirement of a proper Execution on the Piano-Forte. By J. B. LOGIER, Inventor, Professor of Music, Sackville-street, Dublin, p. p. 24. Clementi and Co.*

THIS invention of Mr. Logier's is intended to simplify, and consequently facilitate, the attainment of correctly fingering the *Piano-forte*, as well as of acquiring a good position of the hand, and a graceful execution, by means of mechanical contrivance.

The pieces of mechanism used by Mr. L. are *four* in number, which he denominates

- 1st, The Gamut-board.
- 2d, The Position Frame.
- 3d, The Finger Guides.
- 4th, The Wrist Guide.

The first, or Gamut-board, is an oblong board (to fit the front of a *Piano-forte*) which on one side has drawn upon it two staves of five lines each, one for the treble and the other for the bass, containing all the notes used in music, so written that when placed over the keys of a *Piano-forte*, fronting the performer, each note, with its name, will be exactly over its corresponding key. This is intended to facilitate the learning of the notes, and the keys to which they belong, at the same time.

The second, or Position Frame, consists of two parallel rails, extending from one extremity of the keys to the other; to the ends of these are fixed two check pieces, which, by means of a brass rod and extending screw, are attached firmly to the instrument. By this contrivance the practitioners are obliged to keep themselves in a proper position, and, with very little trouble, they become acquainted with the proper mode of conveying the hands gracefully to any part of the instrument.

The third, or the Finger Guides, are two moveable brass plates, with five divisions, through which the thumb and four fingers are introduced. These divisions correspond perpendicularly with the keys of the instrument, and may be moved to any situation by means of the brass rod on which they are made to slide. To each Finger Guide will be found attached a brass wire, with its regulator, called (the fourth) the Wrist Guide, the use of which is to preserve the proper position of the wrist.

This concise description of the Chiroplast will, we trust, be sufficient to shew the ingenuity and utility of the invention. The limits of our review will not allow of farther explanation at present, but we propose, in our next number, to extend our observations, particularly to Mr. Logier's two subsequent publications, the "*Companion*," and the "*Sequel to the Chiroplast*." It cannot but be highly gratifying to Mr. L. and certainly is no small recommendation of his invention, that Messrs. Clementi,

J. B. Cramer, Latour, Shield, and S. Wesley, have individually expressed their general approbation of the utility of the *Chiroplast*, and of its being well suited to the purpose for which it was intended. The several letters of these eminent professors are annexed to the work.

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2. *SIX ENGLISH COUNTRY-DANCES, for the Piano-forte, with an Accompaniment for the Flute, ad. lib. composed by IWAN MULLER.* Price 1s. 6d. Clementi and Co.

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3. *THREE WALTZES, for the Piano-forte and Flute. Composed by IWAN MULLER.* Price 2s. Clementi and Co.

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4. *THREE WALTZES, in the Form of Rondos, for the Piano-forte. Composed by IWAN MULLER.* Price 2s. Clementi and Co.

THE consanguinity, both in birth and style, of the three preceding publications, is so apparent, as to render an individual review unnecessary. Their general characteristic is the same for fertile fancy and cultivated taste. Since the rage for *Waltzing* has been so prevalent, that even *bishops, chancellors*, and the learned *Dr. Pangloss* himself, have not disdained to join the *merry dance*, musicians, of the first celebrity, have condescended to exercise their talents occasionally in this species of composition; and Mr. Muller, attracted by the *mania*, has proved himself a very competent candidate, as a composer of music for the "light fantastic toe." His Waltzes, with the Flute Accompaniment, are particularly ingenious; they evince much taste and fancy. The subject of the first and the third of his Dances we have given as specimens of the whole in our Music sheet.

Nos. 1, 3, 5, and 6, of the Country Dances, all want a D. C. (for *Da Capo*) at the end of the second strain, and a  $\curvearrowright$  (or *fine*) at the conclusion of their first.

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5. *The STORM SUBSIDED*, a Canzonet, composed and respectfully inscribed to Mrs. DICKONS, of the Theatre Royal Drury Lane, by Mr. PITMAN, p. p. 6. Price 2s. Williams.

## 1.

Allegro con  
espressione.

{ The storm that rag'd throughout the night  
Was lull'd again in peaceful rest ;  
And trembling guilt, and pale affright,  
Were, for awhile, with safety blest.

## 2.

Siciliano.

{ Then morning with the youthful hours  
Came on ether blue array'd ;  
And pitying wept in dewy show'rs  
The havock which the storm had made.

## 3.

Vivace.

{ So keen adversity subdues  
The gen'rous mind, the heart sincere ;  
And Virtue, as the wreck she views,  
Bestows a renovating tear.

These lines, so well calculated for musical expression, Mr. Pitman has adapted very appropriately indeed. The first verse is an *Allegro* movement in the key of B flat, major third, commencing with a spirited *forte* symphony, descriptive of a Storm, which is brought to a *piano* point as gradually subsiding. The second verse is a *Siciliano* movement, beginning in the key of F, sharp third, and terminating in G, flat third, in which latter key the two lines

“ And pitying wept in dewy show'rs  
The havock which the storm had made ;”

are most beautifully expressed. The *Finale*, or third verse, is a *Vivace* movement, in the original key, with an accompaniment for a violoncello. On the whole, we consider this Canzonet as highly creditable to the author's talents, and recommend it particularly to the musical world as a work of taste and real science.

## EPITOME OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

FOR JANUARY.

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Quiequid agunt homines, votum, timor, ira, voluptas,  
Gaudia, discursus, nostri est farrago libelli.

JUV. SAT. I.

IN our last, we noticed the ratification of the treaties between France and the allies, and now present our readers with a brief summary of the terms of these important treaties. By the first, France cedes in perpetuity Philippeville and Marienbourg, with their districts; and the Duchy of Bouillon, Sarre-Louis, and the course of the Sarre; Landau, and the left bank of the Lauter (Weissenbourg and a rayon of a thousand toises excepted;) and part of the Pays de Gex. The fortress of Huninguen, so long an annoyance to Switzerland, is to be demolished, and the King of Sardinia is to succeed to the paramount influence heretofore exercised by France over the petty principality of Monaco. Besides, there are other concessions made by France, which, although called temporary, there is every reason to believe will become permanent. Eighteen of her strongest fortresses are to be occupied by 150,000 troops of the allies for five years, at her expence, and a contribution of 700,000,000 of livres, (about 30,000,000*l*, sterling) is to be paid them. There is also an article relative to the slave-trade; but it is by no means of that decisive stamp hoped for by the real friends of the abolition of that inhuman traffic. With this treaty, there is a convention which relates entirely to the liquidation of the claims of British subjects. Those who had sums in the French funds which, since January, 1793, have been confiscated, or sequestered, are to be written into the great book for the same sums, except those who have consented to receive their interest at the rate of the *tiers consolidés*.

There is another, entitled, "Treaty of Peace and Alliance between his Britannic Majesty and the Emperor of Austria," by

which the family of the Bourbons are solemnly recognised as belonging to the Royal Legitimate Sovereigns of Europe.

To the application made to our government in behalf of the Protestants at Nismes, by the Dissenters, an answer has been returned, "That it has been the invariable object of the British government, and of their allies, to support, and on every suitable occasion, to assert the principles of Religious Toleration and Liberty," and that in their recent communications with the government of France, "they are using their best efforts to arrest the progress of evils which they most deeply deplore." The accounts received are contradictory; and it is not known whether order and tranquillity be yet restored.

Great interest was making for Lavalette, who has since made his escape in an unaccountable manner.

Bonaparte was landed on the island of St. Helena on the 18th of October. He was dressed in a green coat, white waistcoat, light-coloured small-clothes, white stockings, and cocked hat. The coat was trimmed with gold, and a plain epaulette was placed on each shoulder: he held in his hand an elegant telescope, and cast his eyes around him with great eagerness to survey new objects. He is now living in the country at a gentleman's house, of the name of Belcome, until Longwood is ready for him. Longwood, the usual residence of the lieutenant-governor, is situated on the top of a hill, and is deemed by some the most pleasant situation on the whole island. Madame Bertrand exclaims that the island is a complete desert, "the birth-place of the demon Ennui." The island is closely watched; signals are made between all the ports and the ships; guard-boats and brigs cruize round; so that unless he can fly, it will be impossible for him to escape. No one is allowed to be out of the ship after sun-set, and every ship is ready to slip at the first notice.

Marshal Ney's trial commenced on the 4th of December, and ended on the 6th, when he received sentence of death. He was executed on Thursday morning, the 7th of December, at the south side of the Luxembourg Gardens, in great secrecy; measures having been taken to divert the attention of the public from the time and the spot at which it was to take place; so that, besides the military, who were principally gendarmes à cheval,


there were not more than a hundred spectators. At half-past nine the horse-gendarmes formed a strong circle, or rather demi-circle, one side being a wall. Ney, attended by a general officer, was conveyed through the Luxembourg Gardens; all was silent: they descended. Ney walked firmly between the veterans (in number about forty) and the wall. The general offered Ney a handkerchief to cover his eyes. "*Non*," said Ney, "*un militaire comme moi ne laisse pas bander les yeux*;" then walking firmly before the veterans, he exclaimed, throwing from him his round hat, "*Je protest solennellement devant Dieu, et devant les hommes, de l'iniquité de mon jugement—l'histoire me jugera*" (and putting his hand upon his heart) "*Veterans, faites votre devoir—vives juste la droit au cœur.—Vive la France!—feu!*"

He fell, and appeared full half a minute to be in convulsions. He had on a blue frock-coat, black silk waistcoat, black kersey-mere breeches, silk-stockings, and pumps. A general officer gave orders to the military to fire, and after to cry "*Vive le Roi*," which was done.

Orders have been issued to arrest Massena.

The Paris papers since received are very uninteresting. A new law has been sent before the chambers by the king, the object of which is to grant an amnesty, with the exception of those individuals who were included in the first article of the king's ordonnance of the 25th of July, and with the exception of those included in the second article of that ordonnance, which latter persons are to quit France in two months.

The public funds have been somewhat depressed by a false report of commotions of a very serious nature in France. Letters were received in town from Paris on the 24th inst. when every thing was in a state of tranquillity, and the funds continued to rise. In England, and especially on the Royal Exchange, a great deal of business in the way of consignment is now transacting for that country.





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THE DRAMA.

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## COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.

MISS O'NEILL continues to be the principal attraction of this theatre. Her re-appearance in *Belvidera*, in *Venice Preserved*, was gratifying to the lover of the stage. No character in the whole range of the Drama is better adapted to her powers: in this, she combines all that suavity of manner, and tenderness of feeling, for which she is so distinguished, with a voice that, in its gentler tones, strikes on the ear like music, and, in its accents of distress, pierces to the soul,—with an elegant and graceful person, and fine expression of countenance, that never fail to excite interest in the beholder. Her natural powers alone, unaided by art, have raised her to the celebrity she has attained; and, when matured by time and application, she will, no doubt, become still more eminent in her profession.

Sweetness and pathos are the peculiar characteristics of Miss O'Neill's acting; and in *Juliet*, *Belvidera*, and similar parts, she will, perhaps, be rarely equalled. The style and character of her acting approaches nearer to the late Miss Brunton's (afterwards Mrs. Merry) than any one we remember. Still there is observable an inequality in her performance; her expression, upon particular occasions, bursting forth in so superior a manner as to give promise of future excellence. The tragedy was altogether well cast; Mr. C. Kemble in *Jaffier*, and Mr. Young in *Pierre*, sustained their respective parts in an able manner.

*Percy* has been revived at this theatre to introduce Miss O'Neill in a new character; but the tragedy is not well suited to stage representation; and though the performers exerted themselves to the utmost, it does not afford sufficient scope to their talents.

The *Orphan* is a play which ought not to have been revived. The plot cannot be detailed without indelicacy. It is not here and there interspersed with objectionable sentiment, or disgusting ribaldry, its faults are interwoven with its existence; the plot is radically indecent, and the audience are almost mad

eye-witnesses of its contaminated procedures. The polluted pathos of such a play as this,—in which unhappily great poetical and dramatic genius have been expended for a very worthless end,—is not a fit subject for the sympathies of a British audience :—it afforded a fresh opportunity for the display of Miss O'Neill's powers, and added to their celebrity.

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### DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

MRS. MARDYN has attempted the Widow Cheerly in the Soldier's Daughter, and Peggy in the Country Girl. In the former character she was favourably received ; but, in the latter, the public appeared to be disappointed. Mrs. Jordan's excellence is not forgotten ; and the natural endowments of Mrs. Mardyn must be greatly improved by study and practice before she can reach that standard.

The interesting comedy of *The Birth-Day*, altered by Dibdin from the *Fraternal Enmity* of Kotzebue, was performed on Saturday, Nov. 4th, and owed much of its success to the exertions of Munden and Downton.

Mr. Kean has made his *debut* in genteel comedy, in the Duke Aranza, in *The Honey Moon*. If Mr. Kean has failed in the passion and sublimity of Tragedy ; the ease, the elegance, the habitual grace of dignified comedy, are not less out of his reach :—his chafing, fretting, and bustle, are not only misplaced, but are entirely inconsistent with the easy dignity and noble comportment with which the Duke wins while he subdues his refractory spouse.

The new comedy of "*Smiles and Tears ; or, The Widow's Stratagem ;*" is what its title imports, a sort of Comic Tragic Drama, now coming so much into vogue, and is one of the best of the kind. It is written with spirit ; the dialogue is nervous, and sometimes elegant ; and the author deserves praise for his well-directed sarcasms against certain crimes daily becoming more prevalent ; and, what is worse, more palliated. But of what avail is the Stage, when one night it delivers a moral lecture on crimes which the next it extenuates by such plays as *The Orphan*, *The Stranger*, and others.

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*Fashionable Costume for January.*

*Pub.<sup>d</sup> Jan<sup>y</sup> 1. 1816 by Dean & Munday. 35. Threadneedle Street.*



THE  
MIRROR OF FASHION

FOR JANUARY, 1816.

EVENING DRESS,

OF French grey satin, trimmed at the bottom with silk cord fringe, over which is worn a slip of mull muslin, vandyked, and worked; made full in the back, and rounded in the bosom; the top of which, and round the sleeves, is bound with a delicate purple riband; the centre of the bosom, and on each shoulder, bows of the same. The ends of the hair brought forward to fall in ringlets over the temple; confined with a plain white satin riband, and ornamented with a tiara of pearl. Shoes to correspond with the ornamented part of the dress; gloves French kid; the whole producing a delicate and simple effect.

WALKING DRESS.

High dress of jaconaut muslin, flounced at the bottom, drawn body with full sleeves, French vandyked; pelisse of green velvet, or cloth, lined with sarsnet; epaulets of satin trimming, edged with cord; tippet of puffed trimming, worked with fancy cord, tied round the neck with a silk cord and tassel; the waist likewise bound with a silk cord and tassel; boots, gloves, &c. to correspond. French bonnet, of black chip, trimmed with pink chenille, and lined with white satin, fluted, and ornamented on the left side with a full plume of black and pink feathers; and tied under the chin with satin riband to correspond.

## COSTUMES PARISIENS.

FULL black velvet hats, edged with black lace, sometimes with white lace, the one with feathers, the others without, are much worn. A full black velvet hat, or cap (called a *toque*) is also in vogue; it has on one side a velvet knot with long ends. For the evening, there are white and rose-coloured *toques*; some of fine gauze; others of plain gauze, &c. Yellow is no longer common. Grey hats, lined with white, are to be seen in the warehouses. Feathers are worn curled, or smooth, but always flat. At times Cachemire turbans appear; as delivered from the hands of the milliner: these turbans, like those of the head-dresses, are of a single piece. Cloth great-coats are not in general use; they are distinguished from those worn last winter by two rows of little buttons, which are not brought down lower than the waist. Merino great-coats have commonly three collars, at the distance of a finger's breadth from each other; bordered with sky-blue, or rose upon white, or light green upon yellow orange.

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NOTICE OF NEW WORKS.

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IN a few days will be published, for the use of schools, a new and superior edition of ROBINSON CRUSOE, both volumes complete in one thick duodecimo, embellished with six beautiful engravings.

GULZARA, Princess of Persia, or the Virgin Queen, a work collected from the Original Persian, will appear this month.

Dr. HENNING, of the Hot-Wells, Bristol, author of an Inquiry into the Pathology of Scrofula, is preparing for the press a work on Pulmonary Consumption, which will be ready for publication early in the spring.

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THE  
APOLLONIAN WREATH.

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## STANZAS.

IT little boots the silent dead  
If grassy turf or ocean's wave,  
Or foreign clime shall be their bed  
When slumb'ring in the peaceful grave.

Not pitying sigh, nor all the tears  
Of mourning love and friendship fair  
Can pierce their quiet sepulchres,  
To wake the mould'ring relics there.

Nor graven tomb, nor marble pile,  
Can soothe their everlasting sleep;  
Unconscious all, and dull the while,  
Their sound and solemn trance they keep.

Then wherefore grieve that haply so  
Thy latest hour shall slighted be,  
That not one gushing tear shall flow,  
And not one creature care for thee!

Full quickly flies the fleeting breath,  
The dying pang is ended fast;  
And once the bosom chills with death,  
Then all is peace, for all is past.

To thee no more it matters then  
Whate'er had mark'd thy earthly lot,  
If valued, prais'd, or spurn'd of men,  
If still remember'd or forgot.—

And yet 'tis sweet before we die  
To think there are whose bosoms yet  
Shall sometimes heave the gen'rous sigh  
Of faithful love, and fond regret;

Who sometimes yet in pensive mood  
Shall mourn the days for ever fled,  
And in their silent solitude  
Awake the memory of the dead.

And sweet to see them round us stand,  
The weeping friends we lov'd thro' life,  
And grasp in turn the proffer'd hand  
Of brother, sister, parent, wife;  
To tell them all our secret cares,  
Our latest thoughts and words to say,  
And 'mid their kisses, tears, and prayers,  
To breathe our trembling souls away.

For these irradiate the tomb,  
They soothe the struggling spirit's flight,  
And faintly cheer the awful gloom  
Like twinkling stars the sable night.

Oh, yes, 'tis sweet! and blessed he  
That thus may bid the world farewell—  
But who shall mourn and weep for me  
When slumb'ring in my narrow cell?

Perhaps—but oh! I'll dream it not;  
For joyless is the path I tread,  
And so shall be my living lot,  
And so shall be my dying bed.

Yet I can smile to think on this,  
Can mock my fate with careless mirth;  
For hope is gone, and ev'ry bliss  
That bound my drooping soul to earth.

Then tearless be my lonely grave,  
And none lament, and none repine;—  
The only tears that I would crave  
Are tears that never can be mine!

—◆—  
ETHELDA;

OR, THE MOTHER'S VICTIM.  
—◆—

On, Lady! list a Pilgrim's tale—  
Tho' now these furrow'd cheeks are pale,  
I once could charm a lady's ear:  
Perhaps my harp was sweetly strung,  
Perhaps the courteous lays I sung  
Were such as ladies love to hear;



Perhaps—but what avails it now  
That laurell'd wreath has deck'd my brow,  
And glory fir'd my panting breast!  
Perhaps—but list a mournful ditty,  
And if thou shed'st the tears of pity,  
My wrongs, my woes are half redrest;

For what so grateful as the sigh  
That heaves the snowy bosom high,  
Or what so lovely as the tear  
On woman's cheek;—but, lady! stay,  
Nor turn in scorn thy looks away;  
The tale is short, then deign to hear!

“Oh, minstrel! it is not in pride  
That sad Ethelda turns aside—

Resume thy harp—thy story tell—  
I weep thy scatter'd locks to view,  
And something in thine eyes' dark blue  
Bids my poor bosom strangely swell.”

Thanks, gentle fair one! words are poor  
To speak those thanks; but oh! endure  
My weakness and my age awhile.—  
My youth was blest, as blest could be,  
With fame and wealth, and one like thee  
That cheer'd me with her angel smile.

But curst the day, and curst the hour  
That brought Lord Reginald to my bower,  
Proud warrior of the sable plume!  
In flower of youth, in manhood's prime,  
He shone the wonder of the time,  
But shone to wither virtue's bloom.

I brook'd but ill his haughty air,  
Haughty to me, but to the fair

Soft as the summer's balmy gale—  
Just heav'n! too sure by witchcraft led  
With him my wife at midnight fled!

Nay, start not thus, nor chide my tale.

But oh! what boots it to relate  
The whelming horrors of my fate!

I curst myself, my wife, my child;

I left, I spurn'd my native land,  
And sought a far, far distant strand,  
Nor from that moment once have smil'd.

My minstrel harp from day to day  
Supports me on my joyless way ;  
A calm and sullen peace is mine.  
But ah! tho' bent with grief and years,  
Yet still I love and feel the tears  
That flow from eyes so bright as thine.

"Thy name!" was all the Lady said—  
Alas! my name, my race are dead!  
Yet glory once on Valdoc smil'd—  
She shriek'd and tore her glossy hair,  
And cried in accents of despair,  
"Oh minstrel! bless thy kneeling child!"

"I saw my wretched mother die,  
I clos'd her dim and faded eye ;  
Fell, fell remorse her bosom wrung.  
She groan'd, 'Can mercy yet be mine?  
'Thro' me a Father's curse was thine'—  
As o'er her dying form I hung.

"Still has that curse of wrath and hate  
Clung to my soul with heavy weight ;  
Then bless me now with pitying breath!  
For morn and eve I've pray'd to heav'n  
To hear my father's blessing giv'n  
'Ere yet my eyes were clos'd in death!"

Dull, deep, and mournful was the sound  
As fell the harp-strings to the ground—  
The minstrel bow'd his hoary head—  
"Bless thee, my hapless child!" he cried  
"Bless thee indeed!" he softly sigh'd—  
His full heart burst, the spirit fled!

The aged wand'rer's scatter'd hair  
Mix'd with Ethelda's tresses fair,  
As on the evening breeze they stream'd;  
And on the pale cheek deathly cold  
Of lovely maid and minstrel old  
The setting sun in sorrow gleam'd.

ORA.

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A WINTER PIECE.

---

FAST drives the sleet along the darken'd skies,  
The blast shrill whistles o'er the leafless spray ;  
Wrapt in chill glooms the face of Nature lies,  
And Winter frowns in all his dread array !

The crystal streams that late in murmurs roll'd  
Sport in the beam with flick'ring wave no more ;  
The desert groves a mournful silence hold,  
And all their dulcet minstrelsy is o'er.

The ruthless gunner sends his piercing view,  
In search of victims, o'er the whiten'd heath ;  
Draws the fell trigger with an aim too true,  
And all the air resounds with leaden death.

Far in the wild impell'd by eager haste,  
The lonely trav'ler ploughs the snowy deep ;  
Lest night o'ertake him 'mid the pathless waste,  
And wrap his senses in a frozen sleep !

The village housewife trims her evening blaze,  
To greet with smiles her toil-worn partner home,  
And eager bids, his drooping cheer to raise,  
The wholesome jug with sparkling amber foam.

This duty sped, her tender arms she flings  
With love maternal round her prattling boy,  
And as her simple roundelay she sings,  
The father's heart dilates with secret joy.

But ah ! not *all*, with smiling brow serene,  
Shut from its rage, abides the pelting storm ;  
Lo ! many an outcast wanderer is seen,  
With haggard look and hunger-wasted form !

Mark yon pale wretch—how, 'reft of happiness,  
Forlorn he rolls a hopeless glance around !  
Life frowns on him, all drear and comfortless,  
Where bliss but dawns, and keenest woes abound !

Spurn'd from yon proud inhospitable doors,  
To brave the blast all houseless as he stands,  
In vain his meek uplifted eye implores  
Some meagre pittance at their plenteous hands.

The pamper'd steeds neigh wanton in their stalls,  
Skreen'd from the north wind's bleak and bitter howl ;  
But he must bear, amid their echoing halls,  
The menial's scoff, the mastiff's envious growl !

Say, does the storm that drives the wintry snow  
With rage unpitying thro' his tatter'd vest,  
Or the keen taunt that mocks a brother's woe,  
Fall cold and deadliest on his sighing breast ?

High swells his heart, by hard unkindness riv'n,  
His limbs grow stiff, in icy fetters bound—  
See ! where he lifts a wistful glance to heav'n,  
And sinks a frozen victim on the ground !

O for a Muse of bosom-melting fire !  
To wring soft Pity from the callous mind,  
With gen'rous warmth the kindling breast inspire,  
And wake a fellow-feeling in mankind !

But, mighty task ! to bid the rock relent,  
And flow in bounty round a wither'd land,  
This asks some saint on heav'n's high mission sent,  
Some seraph's tongue—some dread almighty hand !

Yet,—sons of wealth ! voluptuous worldlings, tell  
What heights of bliss your cynic souls attain ;  
Can love, can friendship in that bosom dwell  
Where sordid Av'rice holds his iron reign ?

Can gay landau, or proud curvetting steed,  
To the glad breast such radiant joy impart  
As the warm flush whene'er a gen'rous deed  
Thrills in each bounding impulse of the heart ?

The spacious dome, and all its gorgeous state,  
Awhile may gild this little scene of strife ;  
But ah ! what boot they, when relentless fate  
Burst the frail thralldom of this fleeting life ?

Lo ! tyrant death oft takes his silent stand,  
Where drunkards revel, and where gamesters play  
The shaft flies fateful from his deadly hand,  
And oft denies one fleeting hour to pray !



What nameless pangs must wait the dreadful thought  
That life has vanished like an idle dream ;  
That all your boasted thousands have not bought  
One precious ray of hope's all-cheering beam !

What melting eye shall bid the tear-drop start,  
As tolls the knell of some illustrious dead ;  
What orphan's sigh, what widow's grateful heart  
Shall call down blessings on his sacred head ?

" Behold he's gone to meet his dread account,"  
(Exclaims perchance some lazar oft denied)—  
" Behold he's gone to rue the sad amount  
Of crimes unwept and blessings misapplied.

" Oft have I rais'd the plaint of sore distress  
When his proud pageant met my humble view—  
" He too was poor—too poor to give redress,"  
And wasted thousands prov'd the answer true.

" But heav'n is just—and when the mandate flies  
That bids each spirit to its judge repair,  
Virtue's meek train shall shine amid the skies,  
And tortur'd guilt look up in wild despair!"

Proud grandeur pause—nor spurn the simple strain  
Whose artless lore would rouse your slumb'ring zeal ;  
Nor let, supine, the friendly call be vain,  
A call momentous to your future weal.

The gen'rous soul, by virtuous feeling led,  
Is nobly calm 'mid death's appalling gloom,  
And each bright tear, by heav'n-born pity shed,  
Embalms a rose upon our smiling tomb !

Children of want ! if e'er my niggard hand  
Withhold the boon that heav'n empow'rs to yield—  
If e'er my smile entice the menial band  
To taunt the rags your shiv'ring limbs that shield—

May these drear glooms for ever mock my sight,  
Nor changeful years in beauteous cycle roll ;  
May nature's charms lie hid in fancied night,  
And all be winter in my joyless soul !

Tho' wealth nor splendour mark my lowly cot,  
 Yet plenty smiles, and sweet content is there;  
 Meek stranger! come—partake my humble lot,  
 And shroud thy cold limbs from the winter air.

The faggots blaze—the frugal meal's prepar'd—  
 The laughing goblet foams with gen'rous wine—  
 Recount the griefs thy chequer'd years have shar'd,  
 Secure, no harsh, unfeeling breast is mine.

And o'er each scene thy pensive thoughts recall,  
 If, wak'd anew, the gush of sorrow flows,  
 The precious meed of sympathy shall fall,  
 And soothe the sad remembrance of thy woes!

January, 1815.

ALPHONSO.

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#### NOTES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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THE Canzonet, from Mr. J. M. B. (for which we are greatly obliged) shall have an early insertion.

"Come, Heavenly Hope!" is under consideration.

Mr. H. Finn is requested to send us a further supply of his interesting Narrative of The Child of the Battle in the course of the ensuing month.

Moral Tales shall meet with due attention. We beg to assure the author in answer, that Biography of Ladies, or any species of writing he may think proper to send, will be acceptable.

Mrs. P\*\*\*\*\* will perceive that we have too high an opinion of her talents to treat them with neglect, and shall at all times be happy to hear from her.

We beg to acknowledge the receipt of Senex's Letter, Lines from Lorenzo, a Sonnet, and several small pieces.

The writings of a Gentleman, inserted anonymously, who has for a long time contributed The Gossiper, Literary Hours, and other pieces in this miscellany, are so highly appreciated, that it is hoped the neglect they experienced last month will not prevent a continuance of his assistance.

We shall be obliged to the author of Wife and No Wife, so to abridge the remainder of her Novellette as to enable us to bring it within the next volume of our work.

From the neglect of the person who was engaged to engrave the Portrait of HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS, the Proprietors are obliged to trespass on the long-tried kindness of their fair Readers, by substituting for it a Likeness of Miss MELLON; but they pledge themselves to present them with Miss WILLIAMS's Portrait in the next number.

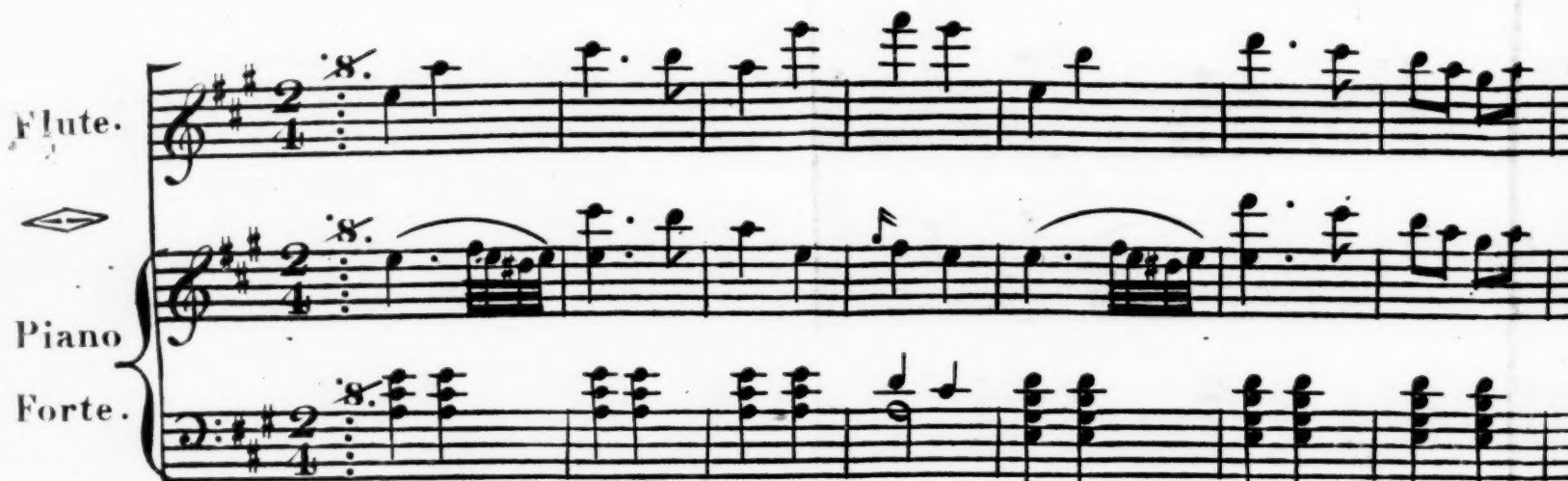


Nº 3. Of M<sup>r</sup> MULLER'S — Si  
For the PIANO FORTE, With an A

Flute.

Piano

Forte.



Flute.

Piano

Forte.

SUBJECT of M<sup>r</sup> M





Six New English Country Dances.

Accomp<sup>t</sup> for the FLUTE. (*Ad Lib:*)

This block contains the musical score for the first piece, 'Six New English Country Dances'. It consists of three staves. The first staff has a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The second staff has a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The third staff has a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp. The music is written in a style typical of 18th-century dance music, with many eighth and sixteenth notes. The piece ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign. The word 'Fine.' is written at the end of the third staff.

Fine.

MULLER'S 1<sup>st</sup> WALTZ.

This block contains the musical score for 'MULLER'S 1<sup>st</sup> WALTZ'. It consists of three staves. The first staff has a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The second staff has a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The third staff has a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp. The music is written in a style typical of 18th-century dance music, with many eighth and sixteenth notes. The piece ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign. The word 'Fine.' is written at the end of the third staff.

Fine.



*Miss Melton.*

*Pub. Jan. 1, 1816, by Dean & Munday 30, Threadneedle Street.*